

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, March 17, 1866. —



Drawn by F. WILFRID LAWSON.

[Engraved by DALZIELS.]

"The man and the maiden stood, for the first time, face to face with death."—p. 403.

MARY VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER III.

IT was now long past midnight. How silent the streets had grown! with what a trembling motion the moonbeams crept into the quiet room, where John Finch sat, a solitary, thinking man. He determined to know the end to-morrow; yes, to-morrow he would tell her all; and he arose and sought repose.

The following morning he went to the rectory.

and found Mr. Vaughan seated in his easy chair by the table, writing. He broke off as John Finch entered. Half an hour elapsed, and the young man came out of the library with flashing eyes and resolute step. Apart from Mr. Vaughan's unqualified approbation of his suit, had he not spoken most favourably of Mary's feelings towards him, basing his suppositions on remarks she had casually dropped?

"Even so late as last night," said the good rector, "I heard her wishing you were at home, and complaining that nothing could go right in the parish without you."

Hope came to the heart of John Finch. Through the drawing-rooms he searched for the one he loved. They were empty, but crowded with memories of her. By that window they had talked; there on the terrace they had paced in the dawn of the year. How well he remembered the motion of her garments—her inexpressible endearing grace—the beautiful face turned fully on him as she asked some simple, heartfelt question. These memories thrilled through him, as he passed on to meet his fate. Through the shrubberies: no Mary Vaughan there. At last he took the path that led to the hill. There, under an old oak, sat the lady he sought. "Some change has passed over Mary Vaughan," thought John Finch, as he marked the brooding figure in that lonely place, where a soft silence reigned, only broken by the sound of bees and the tinkling of sheep-bells on the distant slopes. "Can it be, she has given her heart to this stranger unsought? he who knew not how to restrain his vagrant admiration for her." But the young man repelled the thought as unworthy of the woman he loved; and, pondering still, he went on until he was close to where she sat. Not having seen her for some days, he was shocked by her loss of colour, and the dark circles round her eyes, that had now a tottering, wounded look in them.

"I fear you are not well," said he, taking her extended hand. "Is not this place too cold for you?"

"No: is it cold?" and she drew her mantle closer. Then plucking a sprig of heather, held it up to him. "Are they not pretty, the bells that call the bees to supper?" He did not answer: in vain he strove to smother the tumult in his soul.

She sprang up.

"Do not let me detain you, Mr. Finch: this is a charming place for solitary musings, and that seems your mood at present." She was moving away, when his voice arrested her; then she turned and met his dark face glowing with suppressed feeling. "Miss Vaughan, listen to me: have I not some right to be heard?"

She bent her head, and she listened as he spoke of love, his voice trembling in its intensity of feeling, that still controlled, almost made her weep. Then breaking into passionate eloquence, he went

on to tell her what suffering inexpressible this love had cost him. "But is there not a rest for me? to be ever with thee, my wife—more than sister—mother—life itself! Speak to me." And he knelt on the grass before her. But, oh! the sad awakening to her averted manner, and shrinking from his earnest gestures. She refused him—she knew not why; besought him not to ask her. She had no love, no heart—was quite unworthy of him. Why did he pain her so?

"No hope! can you give me no hope? then God help me!"

"Oh! do not speak so, you make me wretched!" said she, turning from that rigid face; "I cannot—I love another: no one knows it. I am very miserable." And her face grew white and wild.

John Finch walked away, a conflict raging in his soul. Presently he returned to where she was, and said, calmly, "Tell me, can I serve you in any way? You are miserable; let me help you." She gazed up at him through her tears. What a strange light there was in the face that bent over her! She told him all—her struggles of the last six weeks—her hopes and fears; and then, blushing scarlet, she hid her face in her hands. Alas! he knew her love was unreturned; gently he told her so. She demanded proof. He stood beside her, his voice sharp, like that of an old man.

"Perhaps you do not know that I travelled to London with Captain Helmore. We had some words together. I could not understand his confident manner in speaking of you. I determined to know what it meant. He evaded my questions. I compelled him to speak. Then he broke out, and said I was 'impertinent, intrusive. So, to get rid of you, sir, let me tell you that, though I extremely admire Miss Vaughan's beauty and goodness, I have not the slightest feeling of love towards her, or any of the fair sex.'"

With painful minuteness he detailed the scene.

It was a moment of rare bitterness to both; then and there, with all the intensity of her nature, she abhorred the man who stood beside her, for the words he had spoken, as much as she loved him who had disowned her.

When the young man ceased, stung to the quick, she rose from her seat, her form shaking with repressed passion, which burned in her cheek and glowed in her eye, while, in an untender voice, she spoke erring, wilful words.

The light forsook his face; and before she had finished he abruptly left her.

Home she crept through the shrubberies. Mr. Vaughan met her in the hall. Mary tried to slip up-stairs unnoticed, but he laid a detaining hand upon her shoulder, and drawing her close to himself said—

"Let me look at you, my darling." For a moment she clung to him, her self-command almost gone.

He patted her face, and softly said, "Did you meet Mr. Finch? he went out to seek you."

The low reply came at last. "I met him, father." He waited, hoping she would say something more.

"Well, Mary"—but she broke out—

"Hush, father! do not ask me any questions. I have refused him; not for worlds would I marry him," said the poor child from her sore heart. Then, seeing the shade of extreme disappointment on her father's face, she flung her arms round his neck, and caressing him, murmured, "Oh! do not be angry with me; I am so wretched! Kiss me, father." And the soft, yearning eyes looked up at him with such an intensity of sorrow in their depths, that tears started into the good man's eyes, and he kissed and blessed his child ere she flitted away.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Saturday afternoon; and John Finch set out, intending to take a farewell walk along the shore, by a rugged, winding path, only available at a low ebb of the sea. Clear flashes of light played upon the picturesque coast, as he walked briskly on, stooping down now and then to pick up specimens, or to watch the dip of the sea-gulls in the green water. He had not gone half a mile when, rounding a huge water-worn boulder, he saw the waters were eddying round the farthest point he had hoped to pass.

"I thought it was a neap tide," exclaimed John. "How unfortunate!" And he was retracing his steps, when a little urchin accosted him, with a creel of sea-weed on his back.

"Bees you looking for the lady?" And he pointed with his thumb in the direction of Chack Cove. This was a long margin of yellow sand, lying between two jutting cliffs, and remarkable for its deep sea caves.

"What lady?" said Mr. Finch.

"Why, the parson's daughter is there, in the big cave; and Ize be thinking she knows nought of the tide, which is on the flow."

In a moment her danger flashed upon the young man. Then he bade the boy run for his life to the fishing village, which lay on the further side of Chack Point.

"Bid old Giles bring his boat round the head without loss of time. Tell him Miss Vaughan is in the cave, and the tide coming in; and I will pay you double for every minute saved."

The boy tossed his creel on a sand hillock near, and scampered off.

John Finch tarried not a moment, and, in an incredibly short space of time, reached the first of the two headlands, round whose giant feet the waters dallied. Here he had to jump from one slippery rock to another. In a few minutes he

found himself in Chack Cove. From its smooth surface the jagged cliffs rose in abrupt masses. His heart sickened as he caught sight of the water-mark, high up on the bare sides. At the far end was the cave he had heard Mary Vaughan speak so rapturously of. How could she have been so mad? On he sped: it would have been death to return now, for the waters had come over the path he had just traversed. At last that wearisome strip of sand was passed, and he reached the cave. There, inside the low archway, was Mary Vaughan. Her fingers grasped a book, but her head rested against a stone. She was fast asleep.

His breath came in quick pants.

She rose up with an exclamation of surprise. He cried—

"Are you mad, Miss Vaughan, to sleep in such a place? In another hour this cave will be under water: already the rocks are covered."

The truth flashed upon her. And he had come to save her—perhaps to die for her.

"Is there nothing we can do?" said she, in an agitated voice. "Is there no way we can get out of this place?"

"No; we are locked in," was the abrupt answer.

For a moment John Finch seemed exhausted and overcome by a crowd of miserable thoughts. His passing weakness called out her latent strength; and though her face was ashy white, she was calm.

"Mr. Finch, you have done an unwise thing. I am but a useless creature, only fit to die; but you are—" And she turned away, and paced the sand, anguished, remorseful.

"Miss Vaughan," he said, with vehement bitterness, "what brought you here? What bed of roses did you come to lie down upon here? What dear friend did you come to meet? what sweet memories to indulge in?" For a moment, in his agony, he had forgotten himself; and he walked through the cavern, examining it carefully—hoping to find some platform of rock where they could in safety await the boat. The gleaming water was creeping stealthily and rapidly between the shiny sides; all hope vanished; and he returned to where she stood, on the strand outside. Seeing the tears in her eyes, which his cruel words had wrung from her, he said, with deep tenderness—

"Miss Vaughan, forgive my rude words. May God help me to serve you; I should be happy were I to die in doing so. Do you not believe me? And the rest would be sweet, after that."

He knelt down, and prayed for both.

The minutes passed, the shadows lengthened. The scene was inexpressibly beautiful—mimic, glittering waves, ever coming on towards the stupendous cliffs; and between the heaving waters and breastwork of stone the man and the maiden stood, for the first time face to face with death. From such a doom they both recoiled, for they were

young and strong; and the very beauty of earth, and sea, and sky, around them, shot a keener love of life into their souls.

John lost all hope of the boat arriving in time. Mary's heart sank, but she drove back the shrieks that pressed for utterance—awed by that silent man who stood, with folded arms, gazing out, over an ocean of purple and gold.

"Miss Vaughan, when the water reaches us, we must swim. Will you try, and lie quite passive in my hands? I know it is hard for you" (and an intense look of love and pity lit up his sunken features); "but it is better so, otherwise I should find it impossible to save you."

She could not speak. The bitter, bitter tears welled through her fingers, and she bowed her head in silent acquiescence.

On the waters came, curling in through lonesome nooks and tiny hollows. Restless, devouring sea!

A great crowd were assembled on the beach which lay at the other side of Chack Point.

The news had spread like wildfire, that the minister and Miss Vaughan were in the caves. In all haste the lifeboat was fitted out, and her brave crew strained every nerve and sinew to the rescue.

Mr. Vaughan paced the strand in an agony of expectation; he was intimately acquainted with the coast, and knew much time must be spent in taking a wide sweep round the point, to avoid a reef of rocks over which the surf ran high.

The sun had sunk in the western wave, and the wind had risen and moaned in fitful gusts along

the land; groups of people huddled on the shore, peering through the gathering gloom; but nothing was to be seen but the far-off line of silver light that marked the horizon.

Suddenly a blue light shone over the dark waters. It was a moment of uncontrollable excitement, for this had been the signal agreed on should the bodies be found. Cries were heard from the crowd, and short ejaculations, and hurried gatherings by the landing-place.

Aha! how glorious rose the moon! Slowly she disentangled herself from wreathing vapours, and sent a stream of trembling light across the bay. On the boat came; then was heard the splash of the rowers, and amid the shouts of the throng, the gallant crew tossed up their oars and leaped on the beach.

They lay at the bottom of the boat; lanterns gleamed on two ghastly faces and lifeless, dripping forms.

All that science and affection could do, was done.

The few that stood by the bed-sides of the sufferers, watched, fear clutching at their hearts. Impatiently the anxious people waited outside for news. Slowly life ebbed back through Mary Vaughan's frame, and with a convulsive sob she opened her dim eyes, and a faint smile sent a throb of thanksgiving through her heart-broken father.

But just then a wail of women came, borne by the night air into the room. Alarmed Mr. Vaughan stepped out. A shudder ran through the crowd. John Finch was dead! S. A. B.

THE EXILE.

"Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away."—
Jer. xxii. 10.

HIS alien flood is hoarse and loud, these alien skies are chill;
And thou art one with tearless dust, and every pulse is still;
But, weeping, I must live, my son, and veil my burning tears—
The captive's lot is dreary, and his heart is dark with fears.

Would I were sleeping by thee, where still Siloa flows,
My robe a deep-dyed purple of the life-blood of my foes;
My hand upon a gleaming brand, whose steel is deadly red;
A stark and stiff Assyrian corpse the pillow for my head.

Our desperate charge was broken; my boy was left behind—
His raven hair a moment made a banner on the wind;
I saw his face a moment turned reproachful to the skies;
I felt the mortal dimness that closed his reeling eyes;

And I blessed my God he perished while Israel yet was free,
While the stately towns were standing that mine eyes no more shall see;
While the golden spires were gleaming, and the ark was unprofaned,
And the temple's polished marble was yet with blood unstained.

G. A. C.

JESUS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GADARENES.

BY THE REV. F. C. WILLS.



CHRIST did so many wonders that if all were written down, St. John says he supposes the world would not contain the books that should be written. Now and then we meet a verse in which a multitude are thrown and heaped together. We are told, all at once, that he healed the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the palsied, the lunatic, the possessed, the lepers.

Those, therefore, which are singled out for narration, which *two* evangelists agree in singling out, or, as in this instance, three, or even all four, we must conclude are, so to speak, representative miracles, or that they are told because illustrating some great spiritual truth. The account of Christ's miracle in the country of the Gadarenes belongs to the latter class. It sets forth the sinner's terror of being disturbed in his sinful abandonment, and the isolation to which this reduces him. The demoniac seeks the loneliness of the mountain-tops and the tombs; and at last, when the intruder comes in the person of the veiled Godhead, how piteously he cries to be let alone. The only mercy he desires is still to be allowed to haunt the lonely mountain or the resting-place of the dead—only seen at times, an awful apparition, cut and bleeding with the sharp stones, and crying wildly. Thus is the strong, rugged nature of the man shown in the effect of the possession on him. He disregards pain; he seeks out scenes of desolation and decay—but, above all, of loneliness; and he is "exceeding fierce;" no chains can bind him, "neither could any man tame him." How awfully hopeless to man! lost to shame, for he is naked; incapable of restraint, for no chains will bind the might of devils. He chafes and rages under the sway of the mysterious power within, yet wills not to be released from it, fearing the labour-pains of being delivered of those things of sin—the awful travail of putting forth the devil. Fears he too, no doubt, the coming to his right mind—coming to calm reflection—coming to the consciousness of how low he has fallen—coming to the sense of his own frightful condition—coming to the sinking and the despondency after the delirium and the raving.

What hope remains for him but to die and to be forgotten? He seeks out the tombs for his dwelling, as if in haste to be there, as one of their rightful occupants. The unclean spirit, too, knows that, until lodged in that gloomy abode for ever, no human being is shut out from possible restoration. Therefore, as if in fitful impatience for the death of his unhappy victim, he carries him by anticipation to the place of the dead, so that he is there by consent of both. Thus we see men, when they go to a

certain extreme in wickedness, apparently desirous to hasten the end—to plunge into the thickest of the fever—to die and rest. They abide in the tombs in desire, longing to lie among the mouldering bodies; for sin indulged in to a certain point ceases to bring with it the sinful pleasure, without which at first it would not have been indulged in; it becomes stale but necessary, and as the sense of pleasure grows torpid, remorse grows proportionably insufferable. But still the vile passions which we have allowed to master us cannot be bound; the chains of fears, and resolutions, and counsels are snapped like threads, and the wretched victim seeks the tombs as a refuge from this cruel tyranny, which he cannot escape because it is within himself. He seeks the company, too, of the dead, because that of the living jars upon him. It looks him in the eyes and abashes him; it reminds him of what he is, it recalls what he was, it shows what he has lost, it displays what he might have been.

The company of the dead alone does not shame him, and has no reproach; for only among them this wretched demoniac can see worse than himself, or *like* himself. The vacant eye, the grim silence, the helplessness, the morbid horrors, the vile things that excite no disgust and meet with no resistance; the apparent impossibility of any change, except at last to fall into dust and vanish utterly—all this portrays his own state, and establishes a kindred between him and the dead. But even the dead shall rise.

And now the wind blowing where it listeth, bears a little ship to the place. Jesus appears among the tombs. Around him lie the dead whom he shall one day waken. He walks among them like a captain through his sleeping hosts. But there comes to meet him one who seems to have awakened from that tremendous sleep before his time—even the sleep of death, broken by the agony of the foul things that cling about him and root themselves in his heart, or by the most inadvertent touch of the Saviour's trailing robe. Perhaps he meditates harm to the intruders, for he is "exceeding fierce." But Jesus has compassion on him; he gives the evil tenants within him no time to find another human habitation. He is deaf to the adjuration of their poor bond-slave, by God to torment him not. He bids the dreadful garrison to come out, not indeed immediately to return to the pit without displaying their destructive aims. He allows the unclean spirits to enter the unclean beasts, that the fate of the swine may awfully illustrate to the late demoniac the abyss into which they plunge their victims, and that he may judge how low he had fallen, when the devils who had possessed him find a kindred dwelling in the swine. Like the prodigal, he dis-

covers himself to have reached the level of what the Jews considered the most unclean of all creatures.

And now we must suppose an interval to have elapsed, for he sits at the feet of his Deliverer, clothed, and in his right mind. The people of the city have come out to see the wonder, and the whole multitude of the Gadarenes (apparently unanimously) beseech the Saviour to depart out of their coasts. The terror of the possessed man, lest Christ should disturb him in his subjection to the powers of evil, was characteristic of the whole population of the country. They all besought him to depart. Is it not strange to observe, that the demoniac's desire to be let alone was only an excess of the spirit prevalent amongst his countrymen? Thus, in the whole, we have an illustration of the unwillingness of sinners to admit Christ, or to give him an opportunity of trying his power on their souls. They fear that the evil things they both love and hate will be hunted forth; that the repose of the tombs will be disturbed; that there will be remorse, and struggles, and sacrifices to be undergone. How great is the multitude of the Gadarenes who repel the Saviour! and can find no other prayer but this—"that he would depart out of their coasts." They know and feel that his presence would expel the sins they delight to serve, and transform the spirit of their minds. But there is this distinction to be drawn in favour of the Gadarenes: how much better to refuse access to the Saviour, than to give it to him freely, and yet defy his might and mock at his wonders. Better, indeed, to be like the Gadarenes, dimly conscious of the power he *could* exercise over them, and that if they admitted him at all they should abandon all their unholy pursuits, and take this mysterious, compassionate prophet wholly into their hearts, than, like the men of Nazareth, welcome him to the synagogue, only to take up stones to cast at him, or, like those of Jerusalem, to receive him only to crucify.

But the prevailing spirit of the country was to be let alone, denoting a conscience in the people not dead but overpowered and smothered. And if Jesus, indeed, took us at our word, how hopeless would be our case!—if he heeded the "torment me not" of the wretch, who only asks to be left at peace with his evil spirits, or if he quite forsook the multitude of the Gadarenes, who pray him to depart out of their coasts! But he heals the wretch against his will; he torments him for a moment, to save him from him who torments for eternity.

Nor does He quite forsake the Gadarenes. He turns away, indeed, mournfully from their inhospitable shores, and, as his little vessel plunges through the capricious waters of Tiberias, he looks back with deep yearning for those who would not be saved—in his own touching simplicity of lan-

guage, who "would not;" but he does not desert them quite; he permits not legion to dwell in their country, as it had prayed him; and since he may not himself stay there, he leaves behind his latest disciple to preach to his rude countrymen, and be among them a standing miracle of mercy. Loth was he, no doubt, to relinquish him whom he had just snatched from such an awful bondage; loth to refuse that humble prayer, "that he might be with him." But he saw that the Gadarenes, who would not admit or listen to *him*, when they beheld one of *themselves*—nay, one who had been worse than themselves—wholly recovered, they could scarcely fail to be affected, and so prepared for future events and revelations. Thus it is that Christ will not leave us to ourselves. Though, like the Gadarenes, the world rejected him, he died for the world, saving mankind against its will. The demoniac desires to be with Jesus; he fears to leave the presence of his deliverer; he would sit thus at his feet for ever, "clothed, and in his right mind." But Jesus will not have it so. He sees that the fiery nature which grew so wild under the yoke of Satan, is not yet fit to bear his mild yoke of self-denial, humiliation, man's insults and ingratitude. Foreseeing, too, the reaction of that wild life he had been leading, he sends him out upon an ardent, active mission, to do simply this—to preach a miracle. Others he bid into solitude and privacy—not boasting of the horrid leprosy with which they had been encrusted, but hiding their heads in God's compassionate bosom; but this one he sends out to publish his recovery, conscious that action is the very life of such a nature. He gives him a mission to execute, he gives him a mode of showing his gratitude; he bids him return to the society of his fellow-men, preaching to his friends, and in his own house (here we have a hint of where preaching should begin, and where it is hardest) this significant fact—that there had been a miracle, of which he was the evidence; that the course of Nature was not immutable; that there was something above it and outside it; that there was a supernatural power in the world—in short, to preach the basis of any religion at all—a miracle. He sends him then to do this; and in awakening others, to complete his own recovery. His example had worked great mischief in his family and to his friends; his ruined condition had caused endless misery. For the remainder of his days he is to strive to make up to them for all they had suffered at his hands, and to retrieve the harm he had done them. But his gratitude overflows the task set to him by his deliverer; he not only tells his friends, but publishes the miracle through the whole region of Decapolis—the province of Ten Cities. Thus we see the last of him, going back to prove to his ghostly adversaries that the worst enemy is an alienated friend:

to wipe out the disgrace of old defeats; to win back the souls he had helped to ruin. To return to his own house, to his friends, his city, and in the very place and company where he was once so easily defeated; to show himself more than conqueror through Him who loved him.

Not yet has arrived the time to sit at Jesus' feet—action, not contemplation, is the order of this life. He shall do his day's work, and find rest at last in the lowly habitation where he used to cry and cut himself with stones.

Jesus shall again appear among the tombs, and

he shall come forth to meet him, not now "exceeding fierce," but one of those who cry Hosanna! and cast palm branches, emblems of victory, and olive branches, emblems of peace, in the path of the returning Saviour; and then he shall no more be dismissed from that presence, to wander among rugged scenes and churlish men, but shall evermore sit at his Master's feet, clothed, and in his right mind. Then his humble prayer shall not again be refused; for did not the Saviour himself make for his people this very request, that "they might be with him!"

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. IV.



CROSSING by Mr. Page's beautiful bridge, from the Westminster side of the river, we are speedily in the midst of one of the busiest and most populous neighbourhoods in London, the inhabitants of which seem,

almost without exception, to belong to the trading and labouring classes. Lambeth proper is not, however, a modern offshoot—a recent extension of the metropolis; on the contrary, it is venerable for its antiquity, and associated with several interesting and important events in our national history. Some of these flit through our mind, as we pass through its bustling streets. But we must not dream of the past: the "living present" demands our attention. The Lambeth of our day is somewhat different from the original village in the green fields and marshy meadows near the archbishop's palace. It is said that the City of Westminster was greatly enlarged, to provide dwellings for the multitudes of Scotchmen that came to London at the accession of James I. We cannot indicate so precisely as this the cause of the growth of Lambeth, but certainly it is now one of the most densely-peopled parts of the metropolis. With the exception of one or two leading thoroughfares, which are wide and open, the houses are crowded together, and the people are crowded in the houses. For the most part they are poor, and many are very poor. Notwithstanding the busy stir of industry on every side, it will be evident, as we proceed, that "the deeper depth" may be found in it, the same as elsewhere.

Mr. Farnall, C.B., the able Poor Law Commissioner, stated the other day at the St. Martin's Hall Conference of Guardians, "that since the passing of the Houseless Poor Act, last session, there had been nothing like the misery and distress about the London streets there used to be." Even granting this, we must not forget that the worst and most deserving cases of distress have never been visible

in the streets, but in the obscure haunts, the holes and corners to which the unfortunate betake themselves. Intelligent police officers will tell you that the "street cases" are almost all simulated ones, and that if you would ascertain the true condition of the very poor—if you would know how they struggle, how they suffer, how they live, how they die, you must go in and out amongst them. The fact is, Longfellow's suggestive line—

"And things are not what they seem,"

is true in a wider sense than probably the poet intended. The rago for appearing to be what we are not has infected all classes of society: even the deserving poor are not free from it. They try as best they can to hide their miseries and privations. The husband cleans his ragged clothes and brushes up his shabby hat, "in the hopes of getting a little job;" and the wife, sick at heart, it may be sick for want of food, tidies her faded dress a little, and puts on a clean apron, that she may win the respect of the lady at whose door she ventures to present herself. Abundant proofs of this will present themselves before we have finished our walk through Lambeth.

Here are some at starting. Do you see that crowd of men, women and, children issuing from that doorway? They have been engaged as supernumeraries at "Astley's," and receive, say, children 6d., and adults 1s. a day. Here are little girls, that half an hour since were fairies—women and men, who filled a part more or less distinguished in the pageantry of the stage. Some of them look happy enough, but the rest—how wan and sorrowful! They are hurrying home, where very different duties await them. You can almost see in the expression of that poor woman's face that she has a sick husband, who will never again do "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay;" while another passes you, coughing violently, and you involuntarily ask yourself, where she will be when the next Christmas pantomime is brought out. This is not all fancy. A clergyman, whose church

is only a little way from the theatre, wrote a letter to the *Times* a little time ago, in which, after speaking of some in his district, "to whom mirth is a long-forgotten sensation, and pleasure a dimly-remembered dream," he says, "Even the fairy scenes of the Christmas pantomime conceal tales as touching as that of Dr. Marigold and his little Sophy; and I have visited the lingering death-bed of a mother, tended by a daughter who had just come from rehearsal, and was going back to perform in the evening, when another daughter (also on the stage, but at the time without an engagement) would take her place." Were it possible for us to obtain from each one in this motley crowd a recital of his or her life-story, what a series of romances we should listen to! Passing on, a respectably-clad young woman is pointed out by the friend at our elbow, and to our surprise we learn that she often knows what it is to want a meal, and that she has the sole care of a drunken mother, who is a reproach to her sex, and who makes her daughter's life a perfect burden to her. Here is another illustration of Longfellow's line. Do you see that square? It is apparently respectable and well kept. What will you say when you find that it is nothing but a whitened sepulchre, and that in many of those eight-roomed houses there are no less than ten families! Thus, also, in that street, the houses of which are crowded from the cellar to the roof. But there are no cellars, you will say. Oh, yes, there are—but they have no openings in front. Go through into the back yard, and you will wonder that human beings can exist in such dark, filthy holes. "Use is second nature," we are told, and certainly some of them seem reconciled to it. One woman tells us that "she doesn't smell anything, and that she is as happy as a bird." A bird most certainly would not be very happy there.

We come now to a series of cases all more or less wretched. Here is a family living in one room. The poor man is a player on the Pandean-pipes and the tambourine, and gets a miserable pittance by going to "publics" and playing for the amusement of their customers. He has to walk many weary miles, and seldom returns home until two or three o'clock in the morning. His health is very bad; he stands sorely in need of the breath he blows away, night after night. The worst of it is, that very often he is rewarded with beer, which he does not want, instead of money, which his family most urgently requires. In the next house we find a young woman, apparently a relative of Miss Pleasant Riderhood's, for her back hair comes down three or four times in as many minutes. Her husband has gone out to try to get work. He is a boot-blocker, and the present preference for "side-springs" has greatly injured his branch of the trade. She has no food, and no money to procure any; while her landlord has threatened to turn them out if the rent in arrear be not paid forthwith.

An aged woman, much afflicted, is with her. She is not a relative, but lodges near. Her case is sad enough. She has neither husband, nor son, nor daughter—in fact, she is without a friend. The parish allows her 1s. 6d. a week, out of which she pays 1s. for permission to lay the heap of rags she calls her bed in some room, and the 6d. left, together with a few crusts from her neighbours, is all she has to subsist upon; and yet she says, "I would rather sit hungry, than go into the house." The next case is that of a woman with five children, whose destitution has been of an extreme character. She applied to the parish authorities for relief, but they at once refused, on the ground that she was not married to the man who had deserted her. Such a regard for virtue on the part of the worthy guardians is, of course, delightful; but what had those five innocent children done, that they should be refused a morsel of bread? Here is a cellar, some six feet below the footpath; the reader may be surprised to learn that it brings the landlord 2s. 6d. a week, and that it is the home of a man, his wife, and eight children. They have all only recently recovered from typhus fever, and are in a deplorable state of weakness and destitution. The man was formerly a clown, and a print representing him in his various characters hangs against the wall; but his quips and jests, his flashes of wit and boisterous flow of merriment, are gone for ever. As you look upon the poor fellow, and mark his shivering form, shrunken limbs, and pinched cheeks, you feel disposed to weep rather than laugh. The members of the dramatic profession are distinguished for their kindness to their afflicted brethren, but he appears to be entirely forgotten. Will no one give a helping hand to this unfortunate clown and his destitute family?

"Men of noble nature ever

Help the weak, the halt, the blind;

Hard the heart that opens never,

Bright and blest the generous mind."

The industry and thrift of some of the poor are really astonishing. You see that front room, used, as a shop for the sale of firewood, coals, bread, candles, &c.? It is kept by a widow. She serves in it from six in the morning until ten, and on Saturdays till twelve o'clock, at night, while every moment that can be spared from the counter is given to lint-making. The room behind, in which she lives, was formerly a blacksmith's shop, but she has positively floored, plastered, and papered it with her own hands, and really transformed it into a comfortable apartment. Her son, the aforetime blacksmith, went to Australia "to better himself" a few years since; but the poor fellow met with an accident while engaged in blasting stone, which has nearly destroyed his sight, and he is coming home a disappointed man. "It was a great trouble to me," said the good woman; "but I said to myself,



Drawn by F. J. SKILL.]

[Engraved by W. L. THOMAS.]

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.—See p. 410.

(A Sketch from Life.)

I have been a mother to a great many, and I trust the Lord will give him one in his affliction; and so, sir, he did." In visiting in poor neighbourhoods you meet occasionally with very strange characters. One of these, a fortune-teller, shall be introduced to the reader. It was with difficulty that we obtained admission to her presence. She was sitting up in bed, with her long grey hair falling in great disorder over her shoulders, a board placed in her lap was covered with cards, by means of which she was pretending to scan the future of two credulous women who were standing by the side of the bed, and looking upon the proceedings with mouths and eyes distended. At the moment of our entrance there was a slight break in the performance, through her being in need of some refreshment, for she was screaming out, "Jack, where is the gin? bring up the gin"—while her skinny hand was extended, as though she longed to grasp the coveted glass. By means of this mild stimulant she keeps her own and her visitors' spirits up to the mark. It is said that often as many as 100 persons resort to her in a week, and that not a few of them belong to the upper classes. Ladies very richly dressed are frequently seen in the poor little court in which she carries on her thriving trade.

By this time we have reached the neighbourhood of High Street and Princes Street, and are conscious, through a certain indefinable sensation, that we have entered what may with emphasis be called the "fever district of Lambeth." It is thought that the name Lambeth comes from two Saxon words—*lam*, dirt, and *hyd*, a haven; and never was etymology more appropriate, for there is mud everywhere—in the streets, in the alleys, in the courts, in the passages, and even in the lower rooms of some of the houses. It is not a matter of surprise that *many die*, but that *any live*, with such surroundings. In some cases the houses are not only without drainage, but back to back, so that there are no means of ventilation; while the courts are invariably unpaved, and the receptacles of filth of every possible description. The water-closets are frequently close to the water-butts, and the water in a few hours becomes so impregnated with the odour from the soil, that the poor people cannot use it, unless they catch it in vessels as it comes in. Leading out of Lambeth Walk there is a perfect labyrinth of courts in the most offensive condition, in which fever has got so firm a footing that it will not easily be expelled. The half-naked children play in the mud and garbage, until the demon seizes them, and then, one by one, they lie down and die. Many landlords in this wretched neighbourhood seem to have no idea of their responsibility: they will take their rent, but they will not replace a broken board or drive a nail. The demolition of the dwellings of the poor in other districts makes them independent, and pre-

vents their victims from making their just complaint. The little, peddling shopkeepers in the vestry are, too often, personally interested in the maintenance of the present order of things. Were a superior order of men to govern our parishes, nuisances, however long-established, would be removed from the heart of dense populations, owners of property would be compelled to do their duty—in such a case, even the South-Western Railway Company would be afraid to allow the roadways adjoining their line, and which belong to them, to remain what they are at present—the *worst* in all the parish. It is useless to disguise the fact that typhus is raging in this part of Lambeth, and that it may be attributed to the absence of good drainage, the overcrowding of the houses, and the destitute condition of many of the people. Here is a small room, scarcely large enough for one person, and yet two men, three women, and two girls eat, drink, work, and sleep in it! There is a house of some eight or nine rooms, not less than forty persons live in it! None have stronger claims upon our sympathy than the sufferers from fever, who often sink from exhaustion, after the disease has run its course, through their being unable to procure the nourishment their great weakness requires. They do not go into the hospital until they are compelled, and when they are sent out, they are completely destitute. In not a few cases families have been broken up through its ravages. Here are six children starving, while their mother is dying in the hospital. In that house a few months ago, a family was living in comparative comfort on the wages of their father, a good carpenter; but the fever seized him, and by his illness their little resources were exhausted; then his wife took it and died; then the children were stricken, and as there was no one to care for them, they were removed to the hospital, and the poor fellow, left in his desolated home, overpowered by weakness and trouble, gave way to grief, and in a week or so dropped down in the street, was carried to the workhouse, and died in forty-eight hours of a broken heart. Private benevolence may relieve much of this suffering. But it is not enough to mitigate the effects: we must grapple with the cause. Let us hope that the Board of Works, who have already commenced the embankment of the shore, will proceed to other improvements, so as to effect in the district, in course of time, a happy transformation. Such neighbourhoods are neglected at our peril, for, as was truly said in the leading journal a few days back—"A smouldering malaria pervades the poorer districts, and bursts here and there into a flame. It is by no means improbable that these partial outbursts may one day combine, and an epidemic of typhus sweep over the metropolis, like cholera or the plague!"

H. B. I.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

CHARLIE'S FAULT.



CHARLIE came home from school, and rushed noisily into the room where his mother was sitting, flinging down his books in no very gentle manner, and closing the door with a bang that resounded through the house. Then, in a tone which seemed to imply that his mother was quite deficient in the organs of hearing, he asked if dinner was ready. Before receiving a reply in the negative, he threw himself upon the floor, and commenced beating a tattoo upon the carpet with the heels of his heavy boots, a proceeding which awakened the baby, till then sleeping quietly in his cradle.

It was very evident that patience was not one of Charlie's virtues. His mother turned toward him a sorrowful glance, but said nothing until she had taken up the baby and hushed him again to sleep with a soft lullaby. She then gently but firmly reproved him for his rudeness and impatience; and Charlie, as he had often done before, professed to be very sorry for his naughtiness, and made fair promises for the future.

The secret of Charlie's ill success was, that he trusted too much in his own resolutions, and did not look to God for strength and help to carry them out; for, without aid from on high, we can never hope to overcome our evil habits, no matter how often we resolve to do so.

In the evening when the lamp was lighted, and the warm curtains drawn, and the fire blazed brightly in the grate, Charlie seated himself by the table with his slate and arithmetic, and for a short time seemed very busily employed. All of a sudden he jumped up, letting slate and book drop upon the floor, exclaiming, in cross, impatient tones—

"I can never get that old sum! and I don't mean to try any longer."

The patient mother laid down her work, and, after a few words of mild expostulation and encouragement, persuaded him to pick up the slate and to make another effort to obtain the required result. Charlie half repressed the hasty gesture of impatience, and sighed as he again seated himself, and commenced adding anew the formidable column of figures. After half an hour of diligent application, he sprang up with a beaming face, shouting—

"I have got it, mother! I have got it at last."

It was many weeks and months before Charlie was able, even in a measure, to overcome this bad habit; but I am happy to tell my little readers that, through constant watchfulness and prayer to Him who has promised to help all those who put their trust in him, he was enabled to gain the

victory at last; and when Christmas came round, he was rewarded by the gift of a beautiful book from his mother; and in it was inscribed—"To my victorious and patient little boy, Charlie. 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.'"

THE TRUANTS.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

HERE were two idle little boys
Who ne'er could do their themes and
lessons,
And e'en in school would make a noise,
Despite their kind schoolmaster's presence.

Of mornings, when the sun shone bright
On mountain-top and tip of daisy,
These idle twins would shun the light,
And think it pleasant to be lazy.

And once when they for school were late,
They feared disgrace and punishment,
And crept beyond the school-yard gate,
And through the sunny meadows went.

"Ho, ho!" they cried, "the sun shines bright,"
And "hey!" they laugh'd, "'tis merry weather."
They wandered far in their delight,
And laughed, and ran, and sang together.

But as they reached a narrow plank
That bridged a dyke both full and deep,
One slipped and rolled a-down the bank.
For it was slippery and steep.

The other, as he reached to save,
His footing lost, and he fell o'er;—
Both sank into the silent wave,
And rose, and sank,—to rise no more!

Truants! this story's meant for you:
Know ye the moral of my rhyme?
This story is, alas! too true,
And might be yours another time.

R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—No. 5.

"Manasseh."—2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. M anasseh..... | Acts xiii. 1. |
| 2. A mos..... | Amos vii. 14. |
| 3. N oah..... | Heb. xi. 7. |
| 4. A mittai..... | Jonah i. 1. |
| 5. S odom..... | Gen. xviii. 20. |
| 6. S imeon..... | Luke ii. 25. |
| 7. E sau..... | Gen. xxv. 27. |
| 8. H annah..... | 1 Sam. i. 27. |

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

NIGHT WATCHES.

"The owl hoots near the crumbling walls,
The dank dew from the yew-tree falls,
The quiet graves lie heaped around;
Oh, that I lay beneath the ground!"



PERPLEXED, if not convinced, Ruth heaved a weary sigh, and, resting against an old tombstone, let her companion talk on. Burke grew more and more plausible as he continued to dwell alternately on threats, and on expediency. The faint glimmer of the light of truth that had shone for a moment into Ruth's darkened soul, was obscured by his words. She felt the weight of her guilty burden, yet ceased to think resolutely of laying it down. She must bear it till the end. With an envious eye she looked on the quiet mounds around her, and longed for her lowly bed; yet, somehow, she wanted to repent; she shrank appalled from the scaffold and the gaol; she had the memory of a far-off childhood that had been consecrated by a dying mother's prayers. Some vague bewildered hope had dwelt like a dim ray in the gloomy solitudes of her soul, that she might meet that mother again. "How?" was a dreary question she had never carefully paused to answer, though the words heard to-day, "Make a clean breast," seemed the right response. Then there was the dread of injuring the lovely and innocent Gertrude, whose sweetness of disposition had penetrated even that hard heart, and won it to tenderness. Altogether, when she at length left Burke, she was as much his bond-slave as ever, carrying a weight of misery in her spirit that was fast becoming too heavy to bear. Unable to eat any food, or to rest, she walked about, scarcely knowing where, until, late in the afternoon, weary, tearless, chilled, she returned by the train, and caught a van for market people that went from the station to the Chace.

Considering how she had been agitated during the day, it was not wonderful that the shock of the evening brought on the severe attack, which, as we have seen, rendered her insensible, and hurled her to the brink of the grave.

Nor must it be supposed that Burke was easy in his mind. He dreaded the mood to which the death of the man in the infirmary, who was indeed her husband, had reduced Ruth. He had schemed to prevent her seeing him at all, fearing that he might entreat her to confess all. Indeed Burke had destroyed the few almost-illegible scrawls given him for her by the dying man. While Burke congratulated himself that no actual communication had taken place, he felt as if Ruth's remorse was as a spark that would fire the mine under his feet. He complimented himself that he had behaved magnanimously to Miss Austwicke, in that he had by no means obtained from her the amount of money that some

ruffians would have exacted. He knew enough of crooked ways and evil-doers to know that participation in a guilty secret was often a source of large gain to rapacious scoundrels. He was not, after all, he argued, so bad as others—nay, rather a respectable, considerate sort of man, for he had been moderate in his demands. The fact being, that he knew tolerably well how much he could obtain, without driving Miss Austwicke to desperate means.

He had haunted the docks in London, and the ports of different parts of the kingdom, while he was able to carry his pack, in search of the lost youth. And though he had not told Miss Austwicke the lad was wholly out of his reach, he had said he was gone abroad, and drawn sums of money on his account, which served to swell his private hoard. He now turned over in his mind whether it would not be better to make one great effort at obtaining a final sum of good amount, and take himself off to Australia. The boy seemed got rid of altogether. The secret in his possession was surely worth a costly sum. If, indeed, Burke could have found the lad, after he had exhausted Miss Austwicke's resources, he might have traded in reinstating him in his rights as heir of Austwicke; but that seemed now hopeless. Fate worked against him. A youth of fifteen or sixteen when lost, would so alter in a few years as not to be recognised, especially by one who had but a casual knowledge of his features and manner.

These cogitations occupied him as he lingered at Winchester to superintend the funeral, which was to take place on Monday. Early on that morning there came to him a letter from Miss Austwicke, enclosing a cheque, and saying that, "as the young person's (Miss Grant's) term of articles was now up, and Miss Austwicke had understood she was for the future to be employed in teaching, Miss A. supposed all had been done that was required, and, therefore, would Mr. Burke state what *final* expenses there were?"

The word *final* was underlined, and he leered as he repeated it, adding—

"Not yet—not quite final, my good, honourable madam. You've not done with Sandy Burke quite. I must let you know what I know, and you know. The marriage! Miss Austwicke—you'll buy the marriage-lines of me, doubtless, for a nice little sum." He rubbed his hard hands and chuckled as he spoke, adding, "True, the heir—fiery fool of a boy that he was—is lost; and Miss Mysie has been reared bravely, considering she's but a soldier's bairn. It's an ill wind blows nobody good. It was quite as well that my wife took the bit lassie on board ship from her dying mother, and so met Johnston with two bairns. They matched for twins capitably, better than the real pair, and enabled me to get the money for two, aye and pay for two. He was squeamish, John Johnston was, he'd never have had the skill to work the matter as I have. Well, anyhow, the

lassies both ha'e profited right weel. Nay, but for Mysie, the lad's kicking over the traces would a thrown the whole concern out o' gear." He paused and re-read the letter. Then said, "Well, that idiot got home all-right. She looked to me deadly ill; but nae doubt that's over now. I suppose I must e'en go over there, and watch a bit for her, or the leddy. I hate going there, for I'm obliged to skulk; not but old Gubbins is infirm, and Mrs. Martin seldom leaves the Hall. She'll be waitin' in the kirk-yard."

Accordingly on that night, the funeral of the man, whom Burke called Thomas Smith, being over at four o'clock, Old Leathery went his way to the Chace, taking the rail part of the way, and walking the seven miles in the dusk of the gathering night. He avoided the village, and about ten o'clock entered the churchyard to wait for Ruth's coming—as Miss Austwicke had before so employed her, believing that Ruth could neither read nor write, and felt safe in her stolid stupidity. We need not say that he waited in vain. He crouched down under the shelter of a vault until he was chilled to the bone. Then he walked about until the clock struck twelve. Every light that he could see was out in the Hall, save one that faintly glimmered through the chinks of the blind in Miss Austwicke's drawing-room. Burke tried the private gate between the churchyard and the shrubbery. It was locked. Evidently no one was coming to him that night. The air grew chilly, and a drizzling rain began to fall. He tried to clamber over the gate, and succeeded. Suddenly, the hoarse barking of a watch-dog, followed by a chorus of other barks, woke the slumbering echoes. He saw a window opened quietly. Afraid almost to move, lest the dogs were unchained, he kept in the shadow. A tall form wrapped in a long cloak emerged from the window, crossed the lawn with gliding step, and came into the shrubbery towards the gate. He knew it was Miss Austwicke, and creeping along he drew near enough to touch her mantle. She looked down with a start and shudder, as at some noisome animal. His dry voice croaked out, in a whisper—"Don't fear, madam."

"Go," she said; "Go at once. My servant is ill—I fear dying. Write; don't come—on any account."

A horse's hoofs sounded on the gravel near, and the lady shrank behind the bole of a large tree. It was the doctor come, before he retired for the night, to see what change had been effected by Dr. Griesbach's prescription. He went under the arch to the back of the house, and under cover of the slight noise his coming made, Miss Austwicke produced her key, undid the gate, and let out her dreaded visitor into the churchyard. Once there, his fears of the dogs, and it may be the guns of the Hall, were quieted, and he laid his hand on Miss Austwicke's arm, and said—

"I cannot write what I have to say, madam. You must hear me now. Your servant is ill, did you say? What—"

He checked himself; it was no part of his policy to let Miss Austwicke suspect his knowledge of Ruth.

"Oh, merely the woman I have occasionally employed when you have come. I cannot now stay."

As on all former occasions of her meeting Burke Ruth had waited in the distance, the consciousness of that may have given Miss Austwicke a courage she did not feel at this time. Her teeth chattered so as to make her words almost unintelligible, as she continued nervously saying—"Go—go."

"No, madam; I've waited hours. You must grant me a moment. I considered I came by your appointment. Half a dozen minutes will do. The cheque you sent doesn't cover my expenses in what I have had to send abroad."

"Well, well; let me know what it is, and I'll send it. Don't detain me."

"Nay, my leddy, *you* detain me. You talk of *final* expenses. I've reason to believe, from some statements I've had from Scotland, that there's not only a certificate of the real marriage, but that it was as right as law could make it."

Miss Austwicke stretched out her hands, imploringly, reeled a moment, and would have fallen, but her fingers closed on the edge of a tomb, and the chill of the damp stone revived her. It was coming, then, this hidden thing, in its worst form! Burke heard rather than saw her agitation, in the quick pants in which she took her breath, and he hastened to say—

"I can get every paper, silence every witness, for a sum of money—a small sum—say, merely—a thousand pounds. I'll go to Australia: I had thence the last letter from—"

"Don't name him!" hastily gasped Miss Austwicke; the pattering rain on the ivy leaves seemed to her like auditors.

"Well, I'll keep him, and the paper—everything, there; you'll be quit of the whole thing. *That* sponge, the small sum, will wipe it all off, once for all, and no more about it. If not, there's some things come to light." He spoke at random, merely to threaten; but her troubled conscience, already roused by the finding of the ghostly relics, gave meaning to his words.

"Is it she, then? is it that Isabel, my brother's wretched—" She checked herself as the word "wife" came to her lips, and added—"Did she commit suicide?"

"Suicide!" he answered, perplexed, for he knew nothing of the discovery of the relics, but still bold and cunning.

"Those, then, were her bones that have been found? But the child's—how was it that she came there? was she mad?"

"Mad and—dead!"

"Oh, horrible! committed suicide—leaped down that shaft!"

A blast of wind swept round the church with a moan so like a human voice, that both were awe-struck, and Miss Austwicke fell into the common error of supposing that her own words had been the answer given.

"It's no time nor place to tell about her death," said Burke, craftily; "only this I urge—a thousand pounds, and more than half the globe is between you and any further annoyance."

Miss Austwicke heaved a long sigh, as if the very thought enabled her to breathe more freely.

"But if I cannot give it?"

"Then I am sorry; but events must take their course. Better many a thousand than sacrifice the family honour."

"True; yes—I'll write. Where? Winchester?"

She had felt uneasy at his being so near.

"No, madam; I go at once to my old address in London, thence to take my passage."

"Well, I'll write. Go!" She made a step or two away, and then returned, saying, "And she had Wilfred's ring?"

The man started, paused a moment in deep thought, and said, interrogatively—

"Ring? What, the one 'Keep faith till death,' and the date 1672?"

This quoting of motto and date convinced Miss Austwicke that the man knew all, and murmuring low, "I'll write, I'll write!" she crept away, leaving Burke nearly as perplexed as herself, and certain that there was no time to be lost in making himself acquainted with all that had transpired, and securing his booty. Ruth's illness at this juncture added to his disquiet. He resolved to hang about the village, and learn any particulars he could, before starting by an early train to London. He found an old cattle-shed in some neighbouring field, where he sheltered for the rest of the night, and was so far fortunate that one of the first persons he encountered the next morning on his journey to the station was the doctor's boy, going to the Hall with medicines. Burke contrived to get into conversation with him, and heard the boy's account how the upper housemaid at the Hall was struck speechless, three nights back.

"Speechless! well, there was some comfort in that. But Australia—that must be his destination—the quicker the better."

So he hastened off to his lair in London without delay.

The next few days were full of occupation to every one at Chace Hall. The squire resolved on going himself to Scotland. His wife wished to accompany him, which he by no means desired. A compromise was effected, by her resolving to return to her younger boys at Scarborough. Marian Hope's engagement had been formally announced at the Hall, and she was forthwith released from her duties to Gertrude; Dr. Griesbach's invitation for the latter being more eagerly received by Mrs. Austwicke than even by the young lady herself.

Ruth, whose dangerous symptoms had somewhat abated, was being, as Martin said, "patched up a bit, but never to be whole no more;" for Dr. Griesbach had, on his return to town, sent an experienced nurse down to take care of her, and attend her to London as soon as she could travel.

Rupert Griesbach seemed wonderfully inclined to shorten his stay at the parsonage, when he heard that Gertrude was to be a guest at his own home. The only person who seemed to have no other occupation than the nursery of her own sad thoughts in solitude, was Miss Austwicke. Her gloom was so marked that Mrs. Austwicke whispered a word in her husband's ear—a word of all others the most alarming in a family circle—*"Insanity!"*

The squire, angrily silenced her; but she was by no means convinced that she had not the real clue to what had of late so altered her sister-in-law.

Gertrude, whose heart, amid all her youthful hopes and affections, was saddened by the one secret trouble—her mother's coldness—had, by the influence of that hidden disquiet, a prescience of how her aunt was suffering. She was willing to forego all the pleasure of a visit to her young friend, and remain to cheer and serve, if she might, the lonely woman locked up in a gloomy citadel of reserve; but her parents would not hear of this, and Miss Austwicke's decided negative of the proffer, when Gertrude hinted it, left her no alternative but to go to Ella Griesbach and try to forget, in new scenes, all that had of late troubled the previously clear stream of her life.

Leaving the family at Chace Hall to their preparations, whether joyful or perplexing, we will take our readers back to Woodford, and see how it has fared all this time with Norman.

CHAPTER LV.

REMOVALS.

"They that are merry, let them sing,

And let the sad hearts pray;

Let those still ply their cheerful wing,

And these their sober day." GEORGE HICKE.

IN the time since we parted from Norman he had grown into manhood. Whether it might be considered an advantage or the reverse, he certainly looked four or five years older than his real age. The necessity of thoughtfulness, the certainty that his present livelihood and future prospects depended on his own exertions, gave a prematurity to his manners which, even if his growth had not been rapid, and his frame large as well as tall, would have added to his apparent age. It was odd to see him in Professor Griesbach's laboratory, by the side of his master; the latter looked so feeble and shrunk by comparison with the youthful vigour and comeliness of his pupil. There was not much outward alteration in the manners of either the Professor or old Fritz to the youth; but a certain air of confidence in the one, and of respect from the other, before the first year of Norman's residence was over, marked the progress he had made in the good opinion of each. He fell with ready docility, and even interest, into all the oddities that pervaded the dwelling; gave his brief leisure hours to mechanics with the man, and his diligent days to science with the master; books filling up every interval. At the end of two years there was a short colloquy between old Fritz and the Professor, which had the youth for its subject.

"Mr. Driftwood, sir, is a doer," said Fritz.

"Doer and thinker—good at both!" curtly replied the master.

From his lips this was a high eulogium.

It so happened that some papers Dr. Griesbach supplied to a scientific journal contained the result of various valuable experiments on the medicinal properties of certain new preparations which were being tested by several men eminent in the medical profession; and some controversy, as usual, had ensued, which

called the Professor out from his privacy, both as a writer and a speaker. He was frequently at the hospital, of which his relative, Dr. Griesbach, was the senior physician. The Professor read a course of chemical lectures to the Doctor's pupils, and at these his now really most efficient assistant was Norman. Dr. Griesbach naturally felt an interest in the youth he had benefited; for it is an immutable fact in human nature, that though the receiver of a benefit may not be won to gratitude, the bestower is generally led to affection.

Dr. Griesbach had been greatly pleased that he had found, for his clever and eccentric relative, the Professor, one who so well suited him, particularly as no youth ever had before been tolerated. All were idle or stupid, according to the verdict of the Professor and his man Fritz. Even Rupert, who had once tried three weeks there, and was permitted to revolt at the diet, being spoilt, as the Professor said, with luxuries—even he could not, or would not, remain; and as the Doctor had feared it would be a question of losing his friend, or persecuting his son, he wisely withdrew the latter before any great rupture occurred. So Norman's success was the more gratifying from others' failure.

The Doctor never, in any interview with Norman, but once alluded to the introduction he had given the youth, and then he said—

"I don't call myself your godfather, my lad, but I'm certainly your sponsor; and right glad you have not disgraced the name I gave you. I think, however, you've worn it long enough; it's time you cast it off."

"It's as good as any other, sir," said Norman. "I've no one to care what my name is."

The touch of melancholy in this answer, coupled with Norman's excellent character, confirmed Dr. Griesbach, and also the Professor, to whom he mentioned it, that the youth was really without kindred, or disowned or disgraced by them; so it was decided to say no more to him of the past.

Meanwhile old Fritz often amused himself on winter nights in carving pretty ornaments for Miss Ella, who, in her motherless childhood, had often been brought by her nurse to the forest, and, of course, visited what she there laughingly called "The Enchanted Den." Her infantine smiles had won, as nothing else could, both master and man from their absorbing pursuits to listen to her prattle and to provide for her amusement. And there was, in Fritz's own private room, a certain vase with skeleton flowers, exquisitely prepared and grouped, the cherished remains of little bouquets the child Ella had brought him. As she grew older, and very early, under the matronage of a confidential domestic, she took the superintendence of her father's house, for the Doctor liked to feel that his dwelling had a mistress, even in a sylph of fifteen. The Professor, retained his interest in her, and when, very rarely, he went to her father's to dinner, used to stipulate that there should be no visitors, so that he, the lonely man, might enjoy something of the pleasure of family intercourse.

We have seen how she had burst like sunlight upon Norman's sight, and how his boyish eyes had been dazzled by the little maiden—aye, and his heart had

been filled with emotion that was destined to abide and grow with his growth.

Old Fritz, at Christmas, was always invited to the festivities of the servants' hall at Dr. Griesbach's. It was not likely that, on the great domestic festival of the year, the youth would be wholly left in the solitude of the forest house; so that in these three years that had led Norman up to manhood, he had been to Dr. Griesbach's dwelling, and at a respectful distance seen his daughter, and, it must be owned, had not unfrequently lent a willing hand to help Fritz in the manufacture of some ingenious toy or ornament for her. He said to himself that the remembrance of his own sister accounted for the interest he felt in all that concerned Miss Griesbach. But it is by no means unlikely that he might have felt a similar influence, even if no such person as Mysie had ever existed; for Ella knew enough of his history to be rather specially kind to him.

"Poor youth! if papa were dead," she had said, "Rupert and I would be orphans—alone in the world—just like him."

There was no one, of course, to hear, and therefore none to contradict this sentiment with the words—

"No, not like him; fortune and friends, education and social position would still be yours."

But she took the side of feeling and fancy, rather than of reason, on a plan, it must be owned, more poetic and charming than rational. Still it was, after all, very little intercourse that subsisted between Gloucester Place and Woodford; enough to keep the residents in London *au courant* with the welfare of those in the forest, and more than enough to fill the thoughts of some of the latter with pleasant musings.

During the six months previous to the events in the last chapter, Dr. Griesbach had reluctantly given up his favourite project of making his son follow his own profession. The young man's tastes so decidedly led him into other pursuits that his father had yielded, and was now delighted at the ardour with which Rupert was prosecuting his favourite studies. Some faint whisper had reached him that his son was by no means insensible to the charms of his daughter's young friend, Gertrude Austwicke. And as the Doctor was himself exceedingly fond of her, he had been content to look on quietly, seeing more of the game than the young people had supposed—more than they very probably themselves saw. He believed in the salutary influence of virtuous love in elevating and refining a young man's tastes, and keeping him from low pursuits and grovelling amusements. Dr. Griesbach recollected that in his own case a six years' engagement had preceded his marriage, and that he traced his ardent pursuit of knowledge and professional success to the influence which one long beloved, and, alas! early lost, had upon him. So, in his recent visit, he had been secretly very indignant with Mrs. Austwicke, on account of her manner to Gertrude; and there was far more of bitterness than the good Doctor often permitted himself to feel, when he uttered the private comment—

"That woman's megrims will make the dear child ill; we'll have her home."

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.—In our next number 27) will be given a Picture of "THE QUIVER LIFEBOAT" No. 1; and we have ordered to be built "The Quiver Lifeboat" No. 2. It has been decided to place one of the two at Southwold, in Suffolk, and the other at the mouth of Cork Harbour. At both of these places many lives have been lost, through recent gales; but means for preservation will now be provided, through the liberality of our readers.—ED. QUIVER.

[illegible]